Meekly



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Choice Loetry.

MY REID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

- BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL
- My beid is like to rend. Willie,
- My heart is like to break:
 I'm wearin aff my feet, Wille,
 I'm dyn's for your aske!
 O' lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
 Your hand on my briest baneO, say yell think on me, Willie,
 When I am deid and gane!

- I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
 For the last time in my life—
 A puir, heart-broken thing, Willie,
 A mither, yet naw wife.
 Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
 And press it mair and mair,
 Or it will burst the silken string,
 Sae strang in its despair.

- O, wae's me for the boar, Willie, When we thegither met— O, wae's me for the time, Willie, That our first tryst was set! O, wae's me for the loanin' green Where we were wont to gae— And wae's me for the destinie That gart me luve thee sae!
- O, dinns mind my words, Willie, I downs seek to blame:
 But, O, it's hard to live, Willie,
 And dree a cauld barld's shame!
 Het tears are hallin' ower your cheek,
 And hallin' ower your chin:
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
 For sorrow, and for sin!

- I'm weary o' this warld, Willie, And sick wi'a' I see: I canna live na I ha'e lived, Or he as I should be. But fauld unto your heart, Willie, The heart that still is thine.
- A stonn' gnes through my heid, Willie,
 A sair stonn' through my heart—
 O, hand me m, and let me kiss
 Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
 Anither, and saither yet;
 How fast my life strings break!—
 Fareweel! through you kirk-yard
 Step lichtly for my aske!
- The lav rock in the lift, Willie, That lilts far ower our hold, Will sing the morn as merrille Abune the clay-cauld deid; And this green turf we're sittle on, Wi' dew-draps shimmerin sheen, Will hap the heart that lavit thes As warld has seldom seen.

- But, O. remember ma, Willie,
 On land where'er ye be;
 And, O. think on the leal leal heart,
 That neer lavit one but thee!
 And, O. think on the canld, could mosts
 That fill my yellow hair—
 That kies the check, and kies the chin,
 Ye never sall kies mair!

Felect Storn.

THE ARKANSAS COWARD.

A WESTERN SKETCH.

The beautiful little town of Van Buren, on the The beautiful little town of Van Buren, on the Arkansas River, near the Cherokee line, dur-ing its early history, was famous for the number and ferocity of its desperadoes, being the princi pal focus of rendezvous for gambler, Incian tra-ders, and all sorts of adventurers, who had found it necessary to change their domicils from a land governed by the administration of a rigid crimi-nal rade. The held-bread leaves for the Cheroke.

"Down, cowardly bound, on your marrow bones, or by the blazes, I'll cut your throat!"
Incredible as it may seem, Myers, still holding his deadly revolver loaded with six rounds, cowered to the floor like a beaten dog, and begged most piteously for his life—a prayer, which the mocking half-breed granted, on condition that he would treat the whole crowd for a week.

From this time the unfortunate Myers was ambject to every species of insult and outrage. The loafers would pull his nose for mere amusement, the half breeds would spit in his face to make him treat, and Gen. Cole, when intoxicated, would strike him with his cane, to cure him of his cowardice, as he said. The miserable grocery-keeper brooked all those gross indignities with the patience of a martyr, and would sometimes meekly remonstrate—

"Gentlemen, it is ungenerous to abuse me thus, for I confess I have no courage—I cannot fight."

This continued for a whole year, when a change occurred that caused the insulters to rue their ignoble persecutions. He had a beautiful wife, whom he loved with the tenderest passion. One day, when the husband was absent, the hideous half-breed, Jack Warhawk, instigated to the damning deed by Gen. Cole, went to the grocery keeper's private residence, and maltreated his lady in the most shameful manner.

Myers returned home to find his beloved one drowned, as it were, in tears. He heard the harrowing tale without external manifestation of anger or emotion. His face, it's true, became somewhat pale—his lip quivered an instant, and settled to an expression rigid as a mouth of iron, and his wild, black eye, it may be, shot forth a few more beams of penetrating fire; but he did not mutter curses. He uttered net a whisper, or menace—be did not even deign to condole or sympathize with his afflicted wife. He only armed himself with a bowie-knife, fourteen inches in the blade, from hilt to point, and started for the village.

He came in sight of hisenemy, then promenadine the nublic sonare and heasting of his villain.

in the blade, from bilt to point, and started for the village.

He came in sight of hisenemy, then promenad-ing the public square, and hoasting of his villain-ous achievement. At this vision, Myers' lips curled into a horrid smile, and his dark eye melt-ed into a stream of tears. He approached, till he stood nearly touching the half-breed, and then said, is a hurried whisper— "Wretch, be quick! draw! for by St. Paul, one of us must die!"

of us must die!"

And he waited until the other should be ready for strife on equal terms. He did not have to wait long, for Jack, understanding that cold, glittering, snake smile, and those hot gushing teats as the certain token of murderous madness, immediately unsheathed at the same moment with his adversary, and then began the dreadful combat, which was soon decided.

Myers parried three furious blows of the hateful half-breed; and then grasping his foe's clothing with his label. ful half-breed; and then grasping his foe's cloth-ing with his left hand, with the other plunged the knife into his heart. The Cherokee expired

the knife into his heart. The Cherokee expired without a groan.

And now the inward and terrible passions of Myers found vent in appalling explosions. His curses were tearful to hear—he spurned his enemy with his foot, and wished alond he had a hundred lives, so he could enjoy the pleasure of killing him an hundred times over. His wrath then changed for his other insulters. He flew at loafer, Bill Green, and tore out his "soap locks" by hanpsful. He sprang upon Gen. Cole, and pulled his nose until it was flattened between his thumb and fingers—all the while that gory knife

thumb and fingers—all the while that gory knife dripping with blood.

His enemies were so taken by surprise—terrormemies were so taken by surprise-terror-

His enemies were so taken by surprise—terrorstricken, stupefied, that, for a space, they seemed
utterly incapable of voluntary motion.

The coward had suddenly become the bravest
of the brave. The equipose of opposite feelings
was destroyed forever; the sheer power of pure
will had conquered physical fear.

Does any of our renders doubt our strange story! If so, let them address a letter of inquiry to
Hon. George W. Patchel, Van Buren, late Judge
of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, and the fullest information may be obtained.

On the evening of the same day, Gen. Cole
called a succial council of his friends to consult

Miscellany.

MY MOTHER'S WHEEL In the shadows creeping e'er Narrow pane and attic floor, Standa a wheel with mouldering band, Turned no more by foot or hand; Dust upon it deeply lies, Tiny specks that cloud the eyes; Over it the spiders spin Daylight out and evening in.

As I sit beside it now, weary heart and aching brow. Years so backward, as the tide From the silver sea-sands glide. Life again is passing fair; Sunshine glide my face and hair, And a simple child I kneel. Happy by this little wheel.

Paithful hands that toiled so long.
Lips that sung my cradle song.
Come and hush my sighs once more.
Lighten burdens as before?
Softly through the allent room
Floats a brightness through the gloo
While her presence seems to steal
Back to me, beside this wheel.

ADDRESS TO THE PARMERS OF KAN-

In ordering the publication, in pamphlet form, of the following proceedings of the Farmers' Convention of the State of Kansas, the executive committee thought it wise to accompany the same with an address to their fellow citizens. They wished special attention called to what appeared to them to be the more important points in the discussions. They wish to connsel and encourage their fellow farmers and all good men, respecting the further prosecution of the great work so ampiciously begun. The very short time in which such an address must be matured and prepared, in order to accompany the publication of the proceedings, on which the types were already clicking before the convention was fairly closed, must render it rather hurried and incomplete. Furthermore, since there is neither time nor opportunity to submit it to the revision of the committee, it is but fair that the writer should be held responsible for anything unwise or imprudent it may contain.

The origin of the convention is well stated in the proceedings. Its objects were well and plainly developed during the sittings, and finally took definite and satisfactory shape in the Constitution of the Farmer's Co-operative Association of the State of Kansas. We expect this association to be the organized medium between its members and theoutside world making known our thoughts, needs and aspirations. The farmer of America is no longer the serf or boer of the middle ages. He has, by contact with culture and enlightenment, become a man of thought and judgment. He wishes to make his influence known and recognized in the markets of the world, in the counting rooms of business and the balls of legislation, by other means than mere pounds avoirdupois. He wishes to unite with all virtuous men in teaching, by word and example, the importance of public honesty and integrity. These things cannot be done while farmers remain in an isolated condition. The learned professions and most of the industries have their organizations for self protection and for public purposes.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1873.

conflict. The committee of five appointed for the collection of railroad statiatics, must perform well its duties. The association and the State expect it at their hands.

Questions of tariff were discussed, and while some doubted the wisdom of reducing the tax on iron and salt, there was no voice in opposition to placing lumber on the fire list, or to the entire abolition of duties on such articles as do-not pay the cost of collection.

The national banking laws were exhaustively discussed, showing conclusively that farmers understand this matter quite as well as the politicians. It is the manimous voice of the convention that the people are tired of paying the present enormous bonuses to the hanks for the little said they may render in circulating the greenbacks. Why shall we pay corporations largely for the use of money which we must guarantee to give it value, when we can just as well use our own money (greenbacks) without charge? The farmers of Kansas place much emphasis on this question, and desire our national law makers to respond.

Attention is called to the resolution on the injustice of the recent State law, exempting all evidences of debt which are secured by mortgage on real estate, from taxation. Why this State enactment, unjustly discriminating in favor of the moneyed Shylocks who would cut the last pound of living flesh from they very vitals of var pounds of living flesh from they very vitals of var pounds of heaven, fall on all slike, and the farmers of Kansas are content.

The convention was not unanimous in scuti-

pound of living flesh from they very vitals of our people? Let equal and just taxation, like the dews of heaven, fall on all alike, and the farmers of Kansas are content.

The convention was not manimous in sentiment as to the wisdem of appointing a committee, at the present time, in criticism of the management of the Agricultural College. A new board of regents has been appointed, and it is but reasonable to suppose that some change or improvement is to be inaugurated. The support from the State is not large, hence no very great progress can be expected, even under the very beat management. Care was exercised, therefore, in forming the committe, to select men of wisdom and discretion, who would be able and willing to comprehend the whole state of the case. The chairman of the committee has his position by the usual courtesy extended to the mover of a resolution. The president of the convention is responsible for the appointment of the other two gentlemen. It is hoped the committee will do their work kindly, but thoroughly, and give us in due time an exhaustive report. Too long have these institutions, established for the benefit of agriculture, been neglected by the farmera. As a matter of course they have fallen into other hands less competent to their proper management, and they are at this moment denounced as failures all over the country. While the present uprising is so general on behalf of all other agricultural interests, it is earnestly hoped that the agricultural schools and colleges of the land will receive due attention.

Men of all industries and professious have their technical and professional schools and colleges. It is a necessary that first-class agricultural schools shall be maintained. This can never be done until farmers themselves are alive to the facts. First-class schools of agriculture can never be had under the management of men who are not well skilled and deeply interested in the subject to be taught. Every professor must have his particular analyses by heart, and "on the brain." He

THE HEER. ST AND O. WHITTEN

I hear the threaf veyrapeur's hern.
I see the Tenter's trail—
Ble foot de every mecanice pass,
On every stream his sell.

He's whistling round St. Mary's Falls, Upon his landed wain; He's lowing on the pictured rocks, His frush tobasso state.

I one the swarthy trapper come From Minimippi's aprings, And war chiefe with their paint And create of engle's wings.

The strain of th

THE ROQUES.

Far away beyond the South Pasa, on the head-waters of the Glin River, lives John Bridger, a trapper of the plains and mountains for more than forty years. It is admitted by all trappers that he is better acquainted than any living man with the intricacies of all the hills and streams that lose themselves in the great basius. While trapping on the tributaries of the Colorado, an Indian offered to guide Mr. Bridger and party to a people living far up in the desert, with whom he could barter.

The proposition was accepted; and after providing themselves with dried meat and water, they struck right out into the heart of the great desert, where no white man has before or since trodden, and which the hardy mountainers will only venture to skirt. After five days' travel the party arrived at three mountains, or butter.

The stands of this place placed terms, and the stands of the placed terms of the stands of the placed terms. The stands of the placed terms of the performance of the

THE EMPTY CRAPLE

Little head that used to neetle. In the pillows white and soft: Little hands whose reatless finger. Folded there in dreams in soft, Lips we present with himlest the